ŒUVRAGE WROUGHTAGE

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WE BEGIN...

I talk to my fingers.

To the little finger of my left hand, I said:

> — *You're going to take on your role as bass player. You're the one who plays the lowest note on the keyboard.*

The word role came to me just like that. I didn't give him a function. I didn't hand him a job description. I entrusted him with a role.

Until then, the middle finger had been taking some of his place. It would reach for certain bass notes instead, with the ease of someone used to doing somebody else's job. So I had to give the little finger back what could be his.

Very gently, at first.

I look at him. I put my awareness where I need it. I accompany him into position. He lacks strength. He isn't used to working with the hand parallel to the keyboard. When he reaches a key, he rolls onto his side and tips the whole hand upright.

> — *Don't worry. The strength will come.*

I often do this with my body: put my awareness where I need it in order to make a movement, hold a posture, recover mobility. I don't know what channel the information travels through. I'm not particularly interested in finding out. I simply notice that, for me, it gets through.

I did it with my thumbs. Both my thenar muscles suffer from severe osteoarthritis. And yet the piano has given them mobility. I congratulate them. I congratulate my fingers. This isn't an image added afterwards. I talk to them.

With the little finger, the conversation has become very precise.

I go back through the pieces in my repertoire. When his note arrives:

> — *That one is yours.*

Sometimes I play Hanon with the left hand only. Then I can be even more attentive. In a piece, everyone gets involved: the right hand, the harmony, the pedal, memory, what I hear, what I expect. With the left hand alone, I can stay with him.

I watch how he reaches the key, how he holds his place, how the hand organises itself around him. It isn't only a matter of producing the right note. He has to find his own way of playing it.

My little finger has forgotten how he used to do it.

Well, almost.

Sometimes he returns to his old habits: lying sideways on the key, tipping the hand. I smile at him. I give him a sign.

He understands.

Then we begin again.

I can feel that he is happy with his new role.

So am I.

There are already a lot of people in this tiny story. A body. A relationship. Work, repetition, skill. A rule of the keyboard, a place to hold, a role to take. What is deliberate and what, little by little, becomes organic. What I ask and what the finger answers.

I could put names to all this. For now, I would rather stay with him.

A role.

I spoke to this finger as I would to a partner: I entrusted him with something, accompanied him through what he did not yet know how to do, then began listening to what he made of the role.

I had not planned for a little finger to become a character.

He became one because I talk to him, because I look at him, because he answers me in his own way. His vocabulary is limited: a position, a resistance, a note, a relapse onto his side, a new verticality. But it is enough.

In the theatre, a role is given a body.

Here, a part of the body is given a role.

I don't need to decide straight away what this symmetry means. It is there. I would rather let it work.

My eyes — I listen to them.

The eyes, the hand, the body returning

My eyes look. They cry too. Sometimes they show an emotion before I have decided to say anything about it. They linger. I have a tendency towards contemplation. They see the bodies of my characters.

A silhouette. A way of standing. A gait. Hands. A precise face. A way of looking. A density. A distance between two bodies.

And then, rummaging through my own texts, I come across Géodie.

I had forgotten her there.

The text was first called Chute sans Gravité. The title came from my brother. Later, Géodie entered DeSaCoRdEs. She falls, believes she is bathing in her own blood, hardly knows whether her body still exists. She can see only one hand. And then she too begins talking to her fingers.

> *"My eyes! My eyes blinked! I can move my eyes!"*
>
> *"My fingers, my poor fingers, and my thumb, my brave thumb, I want to kiss you."*
>
> *"Wait, I'll try otherwise. My wrist. I can see it, yes, you — go on, you take my thumb to me."*
>
> *"Ha! My whole body shuddered, like an electric shock."*

Chute sans gravité — Géodie

I read this today after talking to my little finger at the piano.

I had not arranged the meeting.

Géodie finds her body again in pieces: the eyes, the hand, the thumb, the wrist, then the back, the belly, the face, the neck. Somewhere behind the eyes, she has forgotten where movement begins. So she tries otherwise.

Otherwise.

Today, I put my awareness into a finger and talk to him. And I find again this woman I wrote some thirty years ago, doing something that has become strangely familiar to me.

I am fascinated by how much Géodie there is in me.

“I don’t know who, you or me, is ending and beginning.”

I don’t know what of Géodie was already in me when I wrote her. Nor do I know what of her went on working in me. I don’t want to arrange the thirty years between us into a beautiful prediction.

I simply notice that when I pass by her again, I no longer read the same text.

And she no longer gives me back the same thing either.

There are things in my present relationship with the body that I will not set out here in detail. They belong to the intimate. But they have made more concrete this way of talking to a part of oneself, listening to it, accompanying it rather than ordering it to obey.

Géodie had already found that language.

She had even found the humour that kept it from becoming solemn.

> *“Well, I ain’t dead!”*
>
> *Géodie*

Vie appears like that — without the article it would normally take in French.

Without an article. Without a definition. Almost laughing.

The germ may already have been growing somewhere. I didn’t know it yet.

And my eyes, decidedly, I listen to them.

Seeing a body before hearing its words

There is a difference between the writer who sees the bodies of the characters he creates and the actor who lets a character enter with his story and lends him his body.

As a writer, I have sometimes seen the body before knowing exactly what it was going to say.

For Audition, I immediately saw my friend Marc as Axel-Henri. I saw my friend Odile as the Commissioner. Their bodies were perfect for me. I could write by putting the words directly into their mouths.

Sometimes it was strange. I had the feeling they were dictating the words to me.

They were already playing out the play I had not yet finished writing.

I don't say this to make it mysterious. I work, I choose, I write, I cut, I build. But at a certain point, what I have built begins producing answers I did not prepare one by one.

Axel-Henri takes this phenomenon very far. He is a professional impostor. You never know exactly whether what he says is true. His talent is to make people believe whatever he wants, even the unthinkable.

He tells the story of Methuselah, a man reputed to be mute. One night, Methuselah calls to him from the window. Axel-Henri enters his story, and we enter with him. Then Methuselah begins reciting Juliet.

> *"You know, the mask of night covers my face, / Else a maiden blush / Would colour my cheeks…"*
>
> *THE COMMISSIONER — "O my lady, by the sacred moon that touches all these fruit trees with silver light, I swear…"*

Audition — Methuselah / Shakespeare

This is what amuses me: the Commissioner no longer merely questions the story. She takes Romeo's line!

She has entered Shakespeare.

Axel-Henri has won.

Not because she believes him.

Because she plays.

He has drawn his interlocutor into the unthinkable and she acts inside it. Police code, theatrical code, true, false: everything becomes elastic.

And of course, he turns the accusation of simulation back on her.

> *THE COMMISSIONER — A faker…*
>
> *AXEL-HENRI — A faker, did you say FAKER!*
>
> *THE COMMISSIONER — Well yes, faker, I said faker.*
>
> *AXEL-HENRI — You're the faker, Commissioner…*

Audition

A breaker of codes, he definitely is.

I'd rather let him do it than explain it any further.

Jeu de famille: the bodies were already there

Jeu de famille was born otherwise.

This time, the participants' bodies were already there. Stories had to be invented for those bodies. The casting preceded a large part of the play.

I let the material work. The writing itself could be quick; the creation was not. Something was ripening without yet producing pages.

Then, when the overall mystery and the individual stories began to find their form, the bodies too began dictating the words.

Just as delicious.

Language began to play almost by itself. Basil does crosswords while his mother talks to him about his grandfather, who wants to die. She gets annoyed by all these words "every which way".

> *ELISA — "With you I feel language is nothing but one huge jumble… one gigantic anagram…"*
>
> *BASIL — "…language is nothing but a jumble… one gigantic anagram… that's beautiful, what you just said…"*
>
> *ELISA — "You know the answers to questions you don't even know. Better and better."*
>
> *BASIL — "Merci… for crime… that rings a bell… but what?"*
>
> *"Anagram! M-e-r-c-i, c-r-i-m-e! Merci Mum!"*

Jeu de famille

MERCI becomes CRIME with the same letters. Same material, another arrangement, another meaning.

Family, police, money, science, the paranormal, death: everyone arrives with their own system of explanation and the play delights in throwing them into disarray.

And then there is Alinéa.

Her name alone makes me smile today.

Alinéa: the one who starts THE new line.

I gently tease her line at the very moment when I am looking for elasticity. In my contemplations, nature gives me curves, tendrils, spirals. Man draws a line; play pulls on it.

I don't want to turn Jeu de famille into the demonstration of an idea that came afterwards. I simply notice that I already liked disturbing the boxes, moving words around, letting the dead behave badly, making a character know things they were not supposed to know.

The Code resists just enough for us to play with it.

And when play takes hold, the work begins to answer.

Aubépine: 100% with whatever comes

Aubépine was born in an improvisation.

Two actors choose each other with no preparation as to who or what they will be. I decide to dress as a woman: white blouse, long white skirt. I will be a singing teacher. It is the first time I take on a female role.

After a very precise protocol for entering the stage, I discover my partner dressed as an old man.

The improvisation begins.

I have a little baton to conduct my singing pupil. He turns out to be particularly lecherous and does not hesitate to put his hands on my backside.

From then on, there is nothing to protect, nothing to bring back towards a prearranged idea. There is what he offers. What it provokes in me. What I send back to him. What he in turn takes up.

Total receptivity.

The sequence is non-verbal. It becomes completely burlesque. The participant-audience are doubled over in their chairs, helpless with laughter. We keep it going for twenty minutes, each of us taking in the other's offers.

What I love about this memory is not only that it was funny. It is the very clear sensation that the play did not need to be steered towards anything. It needed us to be available enough not to refuse whatever came.

Aubépine was not planned.

She arrived because there was room for her.

Lending my body

As an actor, the movement reverses.

I no longer merely see a character's body. I lend him mine.

I don't try to get under his skin: he has none. He is the one who needs mine.

I am not talking about fusion. Encounter suits me better. The character arrives with a situation, a story, a necessity. I arrive with my body, my breath, my voice, my experiences, my habits, my training, my limits.

We have to work with all of that.

I lent Germain my body.

I had written him. Then I played him.

I don't remember exactly how he arrived.

I remember his energy.

On the run.

The escape.

Mischief. Provocation.

Germain invents words as he invents ways out.

> *“There are the kinious, like you who love me. / There are the kiniés, like me, who nobody loves. / There are the kiniacs, like them, who don’t love anybody.”*

DeSaCoRdEs — Germain

He runs. He loves. He provokes. He plays with The Law, right down to the words.

And one day, in a theatre, the space itself made him an offer.

The wall was no longer just a wall

It was the dress rehearsal.

In that theatre, I saw a structure of tubes against the wall. They rose all the way to the fly tower. At the top, a grated walkway led to the other side.

I saw that I could do it.

I’m not even sure I suggested anything to the director.

I did it.

I left the set, jumped onto the wall, climbed the tubes to the fly tower, played part of the scene on the walkway, then came down on the other side.

The director bought the idea immediately.

The audience, later, was glued to it.

That route had not been planned. It was born from the place, the role, my body available at that moment. I saw that I could pass that way and that the passage served Germain and the situation wonderfully.

The theatre’s code probably said: here is the set, here is the performance space, here is the wall.

Germain saw: passage.

I say Germain, but of course I too was the one who saw the tubes. The actor knows the physical possibilities of the place. The character gives them a necessity.

I was young and fit.

That sentence contains a small drop of nostalgia.

My trapeze years were behind me.

They weren’t so far behind.

Faced with those tubes, the body still knew.

I didn’t lend Germain an untouched body. I lent him a body already wrought.

An old practice could be at work in a new situation without showing up at the door with its identity card.

Alfonso: welcoming the storm

With Alfonso, I find the same kind of availability again, but this time the passage isn't in a wall. It falls from the sky.

Alfonso is a door-to-door Bible salesman. He rings the bell of an actress waiting for a lover who is late. She drinks while she waits. A lot. Bored in her solitude, she welcomes Alfonso warmly and offers him a drink.

She leaves to fetch yet another bottle of champagne. Alfonso takes advantage of her absence to arrange his Bibles on the table: small ones, large ones, all kinds of models.

And at that very moment, outside the theatre, a storm breaks.

A real one.

I raise my eyes to the sky. I look at the Bibles. I cross myself.

Then the rain begins hammering the theatre roof with a sound that leaves no doubt that it is natural, real.

After the performance, I learn that the audience had first taken the thunder for an effect planned by the production. It was the rain on the roof that made them understand that something from reality had just entered the stage.

I hadn't prepared anything. There was nothing to recreate. All I had to do was welcome whatever came and let it work for poor Alfonso, a naïve character who doesn't sell very much.

The theatre had just made me an offer.

I took it.

"I don't know who, you or me, is ending and beginning."

Blanche to Germain — DeSaCoRdEs

I leave that sentence alone.

It does not need me to decide who begins where.

Germain, today

I no longer know how the name Germain came to me.

Thinking about it today, I suddenly hear:

Germain. Germe. Germination.

I smile.

I had never heard that before.

I am not claiming I hid it in his name thirty years earlier. I hear it today.

That is all.

But today is enough.

Géodie comes back to me with her fingers. Germain begins to germinate. The trapeze sprouts again in a theatre wall. An old work goes back to work in my body, in my eyes, in what I am writing now.

And Germain is still on the run.

Wrought enough to play

Before becoming an actor, I juggled a great deal.

Juggling is an extremely technical discipline. You have to coordinate the hands, regulate trajectories, feel rhythms, anticipate without rushing. For several years, I juggled for several hours a day.

But performance in the conventional sense did not interest me very much. I had no particular desire to keep adding another object.

I liked making things difficult otherwise.

An alarm clock. A little bag. A third object with neither the same weight nor the same trajectory.

Change the rhythm. Look for unexpected combinations.

Technique was there. Indispensable. But it wasn't the point.

It made something possible.

I find the same thing today at the piano. I can make up an exercise simply because I want to know whether my fingers can do it. I try again. I fail. I try again. And then the movement becomes possible.

The fingers have understood.

The wrists have understood.

The body has understood.

A possibility that did not exist before has become available.

Available for what?

To play.

The pianist who no longer thinks about each finger can listen. The juggler who has mastered his trajectories can play with rhythm. The actor who knows his text can be available to his partner.

Knowing how to do doesn't disappear. It becomes integrated enough to stop demanding the spotlight.

Knowing how to be can enter.

Not against knowing how to do.

Thanks to it — and beyond it.

Three steps to the mark

In film, this coexistence can become almost comical in just how concrete it is.

Camera and sound need precision. Sometimes I have had to count the number of steps before speaking to another actor. A mark is placed on the floor: you stop there.

It isn't the character who looks at the mark.

I do.

I know where it is. I take three steps. My foot lands exactly where the crew needs it.

And then I speak.

At that moment, the one speaking has to be the character.

Deliberate and organic are not two opposing schools. They can follow one another at lightning speed within the very same action. I observe a technical constraint with precision; then I let the situation act.

The Code isn't only something we break.

It is also something we learn well enough to play with, within, around — and sometimes against.

We don't do it again. We re-create it.

A meeting with a casting director.

I am supposed to play an old man whose wife has just had a heart attack. He has called the emergency services. He is there with a firefighter, deeply shaken. A short scene.

The casting director says:

> — *Let's do a read-through. It would be good if the old man cried on that line.*
>
> — *OK.*

We start. On the line, I burst into tears. Real tears. I even have trouble carrying on talking to the firefighter, played by his assistant.

End of the scene. He turns to her:

> — *See? That's actors for you: you ask them to cry and they do it!*

Then he turns to me:

> — *Right. Let's do it again. Same direction.*
>
> — *OK.*

And a little voice inside me says: Ah! He's trying to catch me out.

We start again. On the line, the tears come again.

Did I do the same thing again? Of course not.

I re-created the conditions in which the emotion could arise, because I know something about the way it comes to me.

We don't do it again.

We re-create it.

The second time isn't the first time repeated. It has to happen anew.

André: starting from the body

I experienced it otherwise with André, in Un Verre de Souvenir.

I knew André had been a classical pianist.

I started there.

A classical pianist doesn't sit just any old way. His back carries years of discipline. His hands retain a memory. His relationship to silence is particular.

I didn't need to begin by explaining André.

I needed to discover how he inhabited his body and, through it, my own body.

The rest came.

The trapeze is still there when Germain sees the tubes.

The piano is already there in André's back and hands.

And today, my little finger is building a memory he didn't have yesterday.

A discipline doesn't necessarily end when we stop practising it. It can remain silent, then reappear somewhere else.

The piano returns otherwise

The piano has taken a strange place in my life because it has brought me back to questions I thought I already knew elsewhere.

I loved its technicality. I worked. A lot. I could believe that becoming a pianist was first and foremost about acquiring this complex technique.

Then one day, I played a piece starting from the mental images the music brought to me.

The technique hadn't disappeared.

It had stopped taking up all the room.

My attention could go elsewhere: towards an image, a breath, a colour, a tension, a movement.

Today, with Mode sombre, the work continues. A bass note changes. A finger is given a note. A harmony becomes clearer. The name of a chord matters because it tells us its function. F sharp and G flat may sound the same on the piano and yet tell a different story within the harmonic movement.

The Code is there too.

The wrought body transforms the score; the score gives the body more work to do.

That note is yours.

The little finger returns.

Not in the same place.

A wave returns

Nappe d'eau returns too.

I wrote this song long before Œuvrage. Reading it again today, I encounter things I hadn't put into words the way I do now.

The sea moves, returns, withdraws, begins again.

The first verse arrives:

> *"Sheet of water…"*
>
> *"Mountain ranges / under eternal snow"*
>
> *"The waves come crashing / green and white / roaring"*
>
> *"A race of cycles / Cycle of life"*

And the last, like the wave, returns and becomes:

> *"Mountain ranges / under ephemeral snow"*
>
> *"The waves come crashing / green and white / roaring"*
>
> *"A race of cycles / Cycle of life"*

Nappe d'eau

The music itself returns within a structure. The words return to the same rhythmic and melodic place, but what they carry has changed.

The form remains. The experience transforms.

For a while, I thought in terms of a cycle. Then the circle began to bother me.

The circle returns to its starting point.

I recognise the return, but I never find myself in exactly the same place.

Then came the groove.

We pass. We pass again. With time, a trace appears.

Groove worked for a while.

Then Spiral arrived.

The spiral keeps the return, but frees it from having to come back to the same point.

The wave returns, but it is never the same wave.

A character returns to my gaze, but I am no longer quite the person who wrote them.

A finger returns to a key, but his body has learned.

I reread an old work and it doesn't simply give me back what I put into it. It goes back to work, and the tears flow anew.

I don't want to turn those tears into proof.

They flow.

That is already a great deal.

When the work answers

I know this moment in writing characters: once their bodies have been found, they begin to dictate their words to me. They play out the play I haven't finished writing yet.

I know it at the piano: I work on a movement, then, once that movement becomes possible, it opens another way of playing.

I know it in a theatre: I see tubes, Germain sees a passage.

I know it in an old work: I return to Géodie and she gives me back my little finger; I return to Germain and hear Germe; I return to Nappe d'eau and my eyes answer.

I am getting to know it now with ŒUVRAGE / WROUGHTAGE.

I haven't even finished Wroughtage, and it is already beginning to work for me.

At first, the web was only an attempt to represent seven threads. Then it forced me to abandon the idea of seven neat categories. I liked it because it was not too tidy, because it looked more like neurons and synapses than a geometric spiderweb.

Words began wanting to move through the gaps.

Verbs especially.

Look. Listen. Accompany. Encourage. Take up again. Repeat. See. Receive. Play. Pass. Climb. Divert. Lend. Inhabit. Begin again.

A verb immediately sets the web in motion.

But it only earns its place there if it has been at work somewhere in an experience.

I don't want to manufacture an intelligent vocabulary.

I want to recognise words that have a body.

Seven threads

I can name them now.

Body. Skill. Receptivity. Code. Relationship. Transformation. Play.

They are not seven chapters.

They are not seven steps.

They are not a method.

I don't move through them in any predetermined order. They tighten differently according to each experience.

In the little finger, almost all of them are already there, without needing to be announced.

With Axel-Henri, Code almost becomes a character: he turns it around, shifts it, invents another one and draws the Commissioner inside.

With Germain, the Code of the place is broken by a body that sees a passage.

With André, the Body carries Skill into the very silence of forgetting.

With juggling, Skill opens into Play.

With Géodie, the Body rebuilds itself through points of awareness, and Relationship takes place within the body itself: she talks to her thumbs.

With Nappe d'eau, Transformation brings the form back without freezing it.

The threads are not there to sort my experiences.

They help me see how those experiences are drawn to one another and weave the web.

Pleasure

Something essential would be missing if I gave the impression that all of this were merely a matter of work, awareness, discipline and transformation.

There is pleasure.

Enormous.

The pleasure of feeling a finger learn. Of succeeding at a useless exercise and being ridiculously pleased with myself. Of seeing a character begin to answer. Of discovering tubes against a wall and knowing immediately that I can get through there. Of disturbing a word until MERCI becomes CRIME. Of letting a Commissioner recite Shakespeare. Of finding, thirty years later, a woman I wrote and recognising myself in her without ever having planned it.

There is patience in this pleasure.

Humour too.

And a form of kindness towards my Body-as-tool. I can ask a great deal of it. I can work on it. But I can also talk to it, encourage it, thank it, laugh at its habits and begin again tomorrow.

I don’t want to make the little finger suffer so that he can become a bass player.

I want him to learn his role.

And I have the feeling he’s happy.

So am I.

The reader is not outside the web

If Œuvrage turns into a how-to book, I’ll probably have missed something.

I don’t want to tell the reader: this is how you do it.

What I would be happy about, though, is for them to see a way of working. Perhaps recognise something of their own. Feel like asking a question.

A question is already a relationship.

The reader isn’t simply the person I’m telling all this to. They can become a partner.

Axel-Henri can try his power on them. Géodie can make them feel their own hand. Germain can make them look at a wall otherwise. A wave can return a few pages later and no longer carry the same thing.

I don’t want to explain everything before it happens.

In theatre, if you explain the play before you play, there isn’t much play left.

In this œuvrage too, I would like to leave enough room for something to happen between what I write and the person reading.

“I don’t know who, you or me, is ending and beginning.”

Life

Vie gives me a thread to unravel.

In French, I wrote la vie for a long time, like everyone else. Here, somewhere along the way, the word lost its article.

Vie.

I had already heard it in Géodie, almost bursting into laughter: “Well, I ain’t dead!”

I’m not trying to turn it into some grand concept. I only want to leave the word the room it has come to occupy for me.

The threads tighten, cross, loosen. Sometimes we cut them. We find the right end after cutting it several times.

A web appears.

Not perfect.

Thankfully.

I would be wary of a beautiful geometric spiderweb in which every thread knew exactly where it came from and where it was going.

Mine looks more like a neural network. There are gaps. Clusters. Thicker lines. Almost invisible passages.

I see it now at the end rather than at the beginning.

Not as a summary. Not as a table of contents.

As a genealogy without dates.

A galaxy of possibilities.

Seven star-nodes: Body, Skill, Receptivity, Code, Relationship, Transformation, Play.

Around them, the characters return to take a bow.

Those I played. Those I wrote. Those who, even today, are still at work in what they give back to me.

Géodie. Germain. Axel-Henri. The Commissioner. Blanche. André. Aubépine. Alfonso. Alinéa. Basil. Elisa…

Planets, drawn more strongly to one thread, sometimes to several. Around them, verbs as satellites: only those that have actually lived through an experience.

The web shouldn’t reveal everything while the book is held in its normal position. A name can tilt. A verb can follow an orbit. A sentence can cross the page diagonally.

To read, you may have to turn the book a little.

An invitation to movement and play.

The page remains two-dimensional. The reader gives it the third.

In the gaps, words.

In the words, experiences.

In the experiences, bodies.

And in the bodies, sometimes, a little finger finally asking for his note.

I give him a sign.

He understands.

...WE DO IT ANEW

Nothing is fixed
Everything can light up somewhere else
And always this same desire:
To play, create, love, share

PERSONAL COMMUNICATION SPACE

To continue the relationship beyond these pages:

Contact:

mtrillot@mac.com

Professional page:

https://www.michel-trillot.fr/

Un Verre de Souvenir — Short film

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZHpuYMu223E

TEXTS — READ AND DOWNLOAD

Géodie — Chute sans gravité

https://archive.org/details/chute-sans-gravite-juillet-2015

DéSaCoRdEs…

https://archive.org/details/de-sa-co-rd-es-edition-internet-archive-2026

Jeu de Famille

https://archive.org/details/jeu-de-famille-edition-internet-archive-2026_202608

AUDIOS

Nappe d’eau

https://audio.com/trillot-michel/audio/nappe-d-eau-piano-flute-basse-260426

Bienvenue dans mes bras

https://audio.com/trillot-michel/audio/bienvenu-dans-mes-bras-260410-piano-flu-te-basse

Mode sombre

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